the leman mine, and a mery heart liues long a.

Falst. Well said master Scilens.

Scilens And we shall be mery, now comes in the sweete a'th night.

Falst Health and long life to you master Scilens.

Scilens Fill the cuppe, and let it come, ile pledge you a mile too'th bottome.

Shal. Honest Bardolfe, welcome, if thou wantst any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart, welcome my little tiny theefe, and welcome indeede too, Ile drink to master Bardolfe, and to all the cabileros about London.

Davy I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bar. And I might see you there Davy!

Shal. By the mas youle crack a quarte together, ha will you not master Bardolfe?

Bar. Yea sir, in a pottle pot.

Sha. By Gods liggens I thanke thee, the knaue will sticke by thee, I can assure thee that a wil not out, a tis true bred!

Bar. And ile stick by him sir. *One knockes at doore.*

Sha. Why there spoke a King: lacke nothing, be mery, looke who's at doore there ho, who knockes?

Falst. Why now you haue done me right.

Silens Do me right, and dub me Knight, samingo: ist not so?

Falst. Tis so.

Silens Ist so, why then say an olde man can do somewhat.

Davy And't please your worship, theres one Pistoll come from the court with newes. *enter Pistol.*

Falst. From the Court? let him come in, how now Pistol?

Pistol Sir Iohn, God saue you.

Falst. What wind blew you hither Pistol?

Pistol Not the ill winde which blowes no man to good: sweete Knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in this Realme.

Silens Birlady I think a be, but goodman Puffe of Barson.

Pisto Puffe? Puffe ith thy teeth, most recreant coward, base, sir Iohn, I am thy Pistol and thy frend, and helter skelter, haue

I rode to thee, and tidings do I bring, and luckie ioyes, and golden times, and happy news of price.

Iohn I pray thee now deliuer them like a man of this world.

Pistol A footre for the world and worldlings base, I speake of Affrica and golden ioyes.

Iohn O base Assirian Knight! what is thy newes? let King Couetua know the truth thereof.

Scilens And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and Iohn.

Pistol Shal dunghill curs confront the Helicons? and shall good newes be baffled? then Pistoll lay thy head in Furies lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pistol Why then lament therefore.

Shal. Giue me pardon sir, if sir you come with newes from the court, I take it theres but two waies, either to vtter them, or conceale them, I am sir vnder the King in some authoritie.

Pistol Vnder which King, Besonian? speake, or die.

Shal. Vnder King Harry.

Pistol Harry the fourth, or fift?

Shal. Harry the fourth.

Pist A fowtre for thine office: sir Iohn, thy tender lambkin now is King: Harry the fifts the man: I speake the truth: when Pistol lies, do this, and fig me, like the bragging spaniard.

Falst What is the old King dead?

Pistol As nayle in doore, the things I speake are iust.

Fal. Away Bardolfe, saddle my horse, M. Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, tis thine: Pistol, I will double charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O ioyful day! I would not take a Knight for my fortune.

Pistol What? I do bring good newes.

Falst. Carry master Scilens to bed: master Shallow, my lord Shalow, be what thou wilt, I am fortunes steward, get on thy boots, weel ride al night: ô sweet Pistol, away Bardolf, com Pistol, vtter more to me, and withall, deuise something to doe thy selfe good, boote, boote master Shallow, I know the yong

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 2* (STC 2228a) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.12) Octavo